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"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

WRITTEN BY

LAURETTE TAYLOR

A DIARY WITH PORTRAITS
OF THE PATRIOTIC ALL-STAR
TOUR OF "OUT THERE"

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"THE GREATEST OF THESE——"

**BY
LAURETTE TAYLOR**



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**A DIARY WITH PORTRAITS
OF THE PATRIOTIC ALL-STAR
TOUR OF "OUT THERE"**

NEW  YORK
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

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DEDICATED TO
J. HARTLEY MANNERS
AND ALL OTHER FINE WRITERS
WITH APOLOGIES FOR STEPPING HEAVILY INTO
THEIR COUNTRY THAT THEY HAVE
MADE SO BEAUTIFUL

YOU MUST READ THIS AS IT IS NECESSARY TO
THE PLOT! L. T.

THIS is the history of "Three Weeks"—and that sentence was written to attract your attention. I have it? Then, *imprimis*: . . .

This is the diary of a journey of mercy. Just as everybody can write *one* book on the war, through the inspiration of what he has seen, so I try this through the stimulus of what I have felt. And—because the second book of the suddenly-talented warrior sometimes proves that the muse gave him true voice only once, before the cities and easy living struck him dumb—I shall cheat the muse by writing *only one*! So whether you run as you read or read and then run, forgive me.

Originally a group of us felt the need of assisting and arousing our country. Various schemes were discussed, and then Mr. Tyler (who loves to overcome the impossible) wished twenty-one lightless nights on the heavens, interviewed the constellations, and formed a band of sixteen stars to make giant collections throughout the country: Mrs. Fiske, Julia Arthur, Helen Ware, Laurette Taylor (8rd person), Beryl Mercer, George Cohan, George Arliss, James K. Hackett, H. B. Warner, James T. Powers, Chauncey Olcott, George Mac-

Farlane, O. P. Heggie, Madame Eleanora de Cisneros, Burr McIntosh and De Wolf Hopper.

J. Hartley Manners having written an inspired play of the war called "OUT THERE," a play well suited to such a tour because of his drawing of the soul of a character—a soul that, like Mary's, was born to comfort, a soul sent here rather to assuage a nation's hurts than to add to its gaiety, a soul whose great gift of bringing peace could find its full expression only when bodies were being put through an agony of suffering—this play, glorifying the Red Cross Nurse, was chosen, and through three weeks of one-night stands we travelled.

Before we reached each town, auction sales had been held, and single seats were sold for \$200, \$800, and \$500, and boxes for \$2,000 and \$3,000.

The company played "OUT THERE" reverently and conscientiously. The audiences rose in their full emotional force to the players and to the cause. We had a tour of small discomforts, many humorous happenings and great financial returns, to be exact, \$688,142.15 being collected for the Red Cross, and came back better men and women, having realised that although America may be a country of mixed nationalities the mixture has not diluted its patriotism. There is always a tear and a thrill when Frenchmen shout "Vive la France," and in the stiff, stand-at-attention-nothing-else-matters attitude of the English when their national anthem is played—for the first time my countrymen gave

it me. Night after night they shouted at the sight of their flag and at the sound of their song.

It's too bad we've stopped!

Once more a feeling of helplessness comes over one at having to go about only personal tasks. They don't seem to matter.

Good-bye, fellow players—fellow Americans! I leave the reader to catch a glimpse of what a kindly, childish people you are; to hold an affection for fellow countrymen who poured their money into the Red Cross coffers; to get a new angle on the hotel proprietors who, in the towns I mention, were not to be outdone in patriotism, and made things so easy for us; to read the story of three weeks of intense living when every day was crowded with incident, every hour one pulsated as part of one's own country, and every minute one felt the brotherhood of man and the sisterhood of woman wrapping one like a cloak because we all met for a common cause—love of country.



THE READING OF THE PLAY

"OUT THERE"
A DRAMATIC COMPOSITION
BY
J. HARTLEY MANNERS

THE CAST

PART ONE: INSPIRATION

**A ROOM IN A LODGING HOUSE DURING THE AUTUMN,
OF 1915**

"AUNTED" ANNIE	MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR
"PRINCESS" LIZZIE	MISS HELEN WARE
"OLD VELVET"	MISS BERYL MERCER
'ERB	MR. H. B. WARNER
MONTE	MR. JAMES T. POWERS
DR. HANWELL	MR. GEORGE ARLISS

A few words from Mr. Burr McIntosh

PART TWO: DEVOTION

THE "ORANGE WALK"

THE SURGEON	MR. GEORGE ARLISS
THE IRISHMAN	MR. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
THE COCKNEY	MR. O. P. HEGGIE
THE CANADIAN	MR. JAMES K. HACKETT
THE SCOTCHMAN	MR. GEORGE MACFARLANE
THE AMERICAN	MR. GEORGE M. COHAN
GABRIELLE	MISS JULIA ARTHUR
THE HELP	MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR

PART THREE: REVELATION

DIVISION 1—MRS. HUDD'S ROOMS

MRS. HUDD MISS BERTL MERCER
 MISS ELIZABETH HUDD MISS HELEN WARE
 HERBERT HUDD MR. H. B. WARNER
 MR. MONTAGUE MARSH . . . MR. JAMES T. POWERS

DIVISION 2—A PUBLIC PLACE

THE NURSE MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR

Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske
will deliver a Red Cross Appeal written expressly for these gala
performances and following this
Mme. Eleanora de Cisneros
will sing

PORTRAITS

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HARTLEY MANNERS

"THE GREATEST OF THESE"

Monday, May 13, 1918. 9:15 a.m.

LEFT the Pennsylvania Station, New York, at 9:15 a.m.

We all have cute, little, uncomfortable rooms, so we have to look each other in the face only when impulse moves us. For the married ones there is no escape. You sit opposite each other and gaze and gaze until the sight becomes blurred with the eternal nearness of "the beloved face." However, I drew a nice one, and I like to look!

Had lunch with Mr. Toohey, our press-agent, whose business it is to coax some *sacred* anecdote from you to be blazoned forth as a reason why "you are you." I unfolded to his listening ears long tales of anything, hoping he wouldn't have time to interview the other stars!

It's my first experience in an All-Star cast. They're the funniest lot! They say "Good morning" an' everything! It's quite a pleasant thing to find an "all-star," who plays only "all-stars" (Disraeli, Paganini, Hamilton, etc.) ask you, "Why does a chicken cross the road?" Of course, it wasn't really about a chicken. It concerned cheese, was just as funny and not so old. The

only unreasonable request was George Cohan's asking for a red-white-and-blue spotlight. But I have an idea he was spoofing Mr. Tyler. Mr. Tyler, our Manager, is the man who *has* to look pleasant, and with exactly the same degree of pleasantness for each star. There is a shade of difference for the "staresses," but that's out of deference to our spring hats.

We arrive in Washington presently and I'll wager the *Fifteen* stars won't have the people at the station that Mary Pickford or Charlie Chaplin had! Yet one of us might have worn yellow curls. And there really exists in the company an awfully funny pair of shoes.

Basta!



GEORGE ARLISS

Washington, May 14, 1918. 12:30 a.m.

WE opened to-night to \$17,146—the capacity house brought \$6,824, the auction had brought premiums amounting to \$9,822, and Nora Bayes paid \$1,000 for the autographed programme. Millionaires sat in the house, and a hard-working actress paid a thousand dollars for the President's signature—she could have had all the others for the asking! I think that explains our place in the scheme of things. *We* were meant to illustrate that part of the Bible which says "It is more blessed to give than to receive." We of the stage *give* always—of our money, our talents, our intellect. Thank goodness, America is starting to *employ* the stage, in time of trouble, as she does the mechanics, the writers, the financiers. In England the theatre has a dignity it lacks here, because always in England the actors are made to feel that they are a necessary part of their country. When money is needed they band together unselfishly and get it. *Every year* all-star benefits are given under the patronage of the King for the Royal General Theatrical Fund. In England the actor has a social position not solely on account of his acting ability, but because he is a necessary force outside the theatre. Sir Henry Irving accepted a knighthood not for personal glorification but to add a new

dignity to his beloved profession. For the same reason it is a great joy to realise that we are enrolled under the Red Cross banner. And to play before the President as a part of his effort to carry this war to a successful finish, makes us all feel necessary and, therefore, naturally, happy.

Vive le Président!

Hints on how to become President.

The President was invited for eight o'clock. *He arrived at eight o'clock!*

Baltimore, May 15, 1918. 12:30 a.m.

BALTIMORE must be ninety per cent. American—it is absolutely one hundred per cent. for the Red Cross!

Our receipts to-night totalled \$28,652—ten thousand more than its sister-city, Washington!

It was a thrilling and proud moment to face suddenly the electric sign over the Academy of Music and to see its space filled so—



To realise how worthily filled in this particular instance!

Poor old sign, that has held so many names, good, bad and indifferent! Good old band of stars who submerged their personalities into one whole represented by that Red Cross announcing our appear-

ance! Where are the moods and tenses by which a star is supposed to be exclusively controlled? Have they disappeared because of the *quality* of this particular lot? Is it because people who are big enough to put up with the expense and *discomfort*—particularly the discomfort—of three weeks of one-night stands, are big even in the little things such as courtesy and consideration for others?

We are all so determined not to be stars that funny things have happened. After the first act we take a company call—Harry Warner, Jimmie Powers, Helen Ware, George Arliss, Beryl Mercer and I. We all gathered by the door and—darn it!—we left the centre of the stage naked. Poor old centre! It seemed to shriek out, "I've been a good friend to all of you—why desert me in front of a \$28,000 house?" On the fourth curtain I could stand its tearful voice no longer, but jumped plumb into the middle. And I've been explaining why ever since!

I keep wondering what Mrs. Fiske is like. At a distance I adore her but one feels one must go carefully with her. Some friends you achieve, and some you thrust yourself upon.

Burr McIntosh sold the autographed programme for \$1,500.

Baltimore sho' am some city!

Voilà!



GEORGE M. COHAN

Wednesday, May 15th, 1918. 6:00 p.m.

WE have played a matinée at Wilmington to \$11,999. There was no auction sale of seats here, and no programme was sold as we had to rush to catch the train in time to play in Philadelphia to-night. The committee at Wilmington gave us all red roses and some sweet ladies kissed their hands as we left the hotel. The only unusual happening at Wilmington was that a man gave \$7,000 to the Red Cross on condition that we played the first scene of the last act, which we had intended to eliminate in order to ring up on time in Philadelphia. But in view of an additional \$7,000 to the cause we are working for, even Philadelphia will have to wait. The donor's name is Mr. Scott, and I think he's big enough to star with us.

Oh, yes! George Cohan refuses to dress with Arliss! He says Arliss is too tough.* He doesn't mind the language, but he can't stand the yellow tobacco-juice! So I understand he's to be paired off with O. P. Heggie, the man of whom Mrs. Patrick Campbell said, when he wouldn't accept a reduction of salary, "You have the eyes of the Virgin Mary and the soul of a miser,"—two things

* The joke of the above is that Mr. Arliss is a *most* fastidious man—a twentieth century Beau Brummel, only nicer! Oh much!

that stay with the owner, unlike yellow tobacco-
juice, so George won't mind.

All this is irreverent, but comic?



HELEN WARE

Thursday, May 16th, 1918.

PHILADELPHIANS—\$23,074 worth of them—waited last night until ten o'clock for the curtain to rise on "*Out There*," and most of them stayed till one this morning to see the finish. We expected to be a little late, but one of the motor trucks carrying our scenery broke down, and it took hours to fix it. The Philadelphia programme sold for \$1,500, the same as at Baltimore. During the two hours' wait from eight till ten the company, in their street clothes, entertained the waiting audience impromptu, George Cohan singing "*Over There*," Chauncey Olcott "*Mother Machree*," Madame Cisneros "*Come Back to Erin*," Julia Arthur recited "*The Battle Hymn of the Republic*," Helen Ware "*Carry On*," and Jimmie Powers held the audience—as one of the papers said—in *the hollow of his voice* with a home-made poem which went something like this,—

"Would you like to see the Bowery changed to
Strasse Germany?

Would you like to stop our singing 'My Country
Tis of Thee'?

Would you like to hear Americans singing 'Die
Wacht am Rhein'?

Would you like the Metropolitan to be Mr.
Wagner's shrine?

No, you wouldn't! No, you wouldn't!
 I'm sure you'd rather die.
 Keep a-thinking you may have to
 If you don't start in and buy.

"Would you like a sausage for a chain, for they'll
 take your gold away?
 Would you like to say 'Guten Morgen' instead
 of old 'Good-day'?
 Would you like the smell of sauerkraut a-cook-
 ing in the pot?
 Would you like to 'Hoch der Kaiser', and hock
 everything you've got?

No, you wouldn't! No, you wouldn't!
 I'm sure you'd rather die.
 Keep a-thinking you may have to
 If you don't start in and buy.

"Would you like to 'Hoch der Kaiser' with every
 drink you take?
 Would you like to be insulted and treated like
 a snake?
 Would you like to have for breakfast a piece of
 German cheese?
 Would you like to have Limburger wafted to
 you on a breeze?

No, you wouldn't! No, you wouldn't!
 I'm sure you'd rather die.
 Keep a-sniffing! You may have to
 If you don't start in and buy.

"Would you like to see your baby dying on its
 mother's breast?
 Would you like to see some flowers on your sis-
 ter spelling 'Rest' "? etc., etc., etc.

Nice, impulsive, small children actors and
 actresses are! Frightfully proud and intense about



CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

their work, but always reserving a tremendous capacity for play, knowing that this is the fluid with which to store one's motor for a long drive of hard work.

The delay kept Mrs. Fiske from appearing until *ten minutes to one*. During all those hours she sat patiently waiting, curiously quiet yet most vibrantly alive, nothing moving except her foot which kept up an incessant tapping. Isn't it interesting when a placid, still personality sort of *chugs underneath* like a Pierce-Arrow? Being a Ford myself—all noise and rattle—I admire tremendously the other thing. We both have our places in the world.

The "tired business man" of Philadelphia must be in an ungovernable humour this morning. Just think! He sat for *five hours* in one seat! Generally *we* have waited for the audience, and the only time we ever kept *them* waiting, we *wept* to think that they should be so abused.

Good-bye, Philadelphia! Do you suppose Wilmington paid us that \$7,000 as a sort of saucy joke on you?

P.S.—George Cohan has nicknamed Madame Eleanora de Cisneros. She is now known as Madame Scissors!

Brooklyn, Friday, May 17th, 1918.

THE business everywhere is limited only by the capacity of the theatre, the enthusiasm by the capacity of the individual.

Brooklyn brought the Red Cross \$22,884, including \$1,450 for the programme. Burr McIntosh ranged the gamut of emotion and tried the entire octave of his voice in his efforts to instil pride, or pity, in fact he didn't care what, into Brooklyn so as to get her to top the highest price previously paid—\$1,500. But, no. Mrs. Leibmann (I think that is the buyer's name) was sport enough up to fourteen hundred *and fifty*, but the *other* fifty was just one of those things that keep life interesting—the proverbial last straw that might possibly have broken her husband's back.

Woman-like, she may have felt easier telling her husband that she got it for fourteen fifty while other cities had to pay fifteen hundred. The eternal bargain interests our sex just as much as that infernal triangle. Only one is a bargain. The other is heavily paid for! Ahem! However, three cheers for Mrs. Leibmann!

Just imagine Brooklyn giving us that splendid capacity!

At the end of the first act we were presented with American Beauties by three pretty Brooklyn young

ladies. They came on the stage in charming evening dresses. Jimmie Powers thought he was back in musical comedy, rubbed his eyes, forgot he had a name and proper birth (I suppose that's what we mean by the distinction, "legitimate" actor), and looked at them as much as to say, "Why, dearie, this is not your number." I obstructed his view as much as possible, but he hasn't been the same man since.

New York City. May 17 and 18, 1918.

FRIDAY night, \$82,998!

Mr. Henry P. Davison, the General Manager of the American Red Cross, opened the evening with a speech—mostly in honour of our beloved stage and its people, which I thought a sweet and gracious thing to do.

“Familiarity breeds contempt.” Does it also breed small receipts? The house was filled in New York (the hatchery for stars) but the *premiums* paid were much smaller than in the towns where the inhabitants had not seen so much of us. Of course, the *play* has never been seen in the other towns. A run of six months in New York at regular prices may have put people off the premiums.

Saturday Matinée, \$6,524.

Saturday Evening, \$17,939.

The total receipts for our first week, \$160,666.

As a manager (now advanced in rank to actor) said, “that’s a good *season’s* receipts.”

The Saturday matinée was uneventful—as most matinées are—giving one the maximum of fatigue for the minimum of response. Enthusiasm is evidently a night-blooming cereus.

Ah! But the last performance was an event in my life! I sang at Caruso’s price—\$500 an aria.



MRS. FISKE

Miss Arthur and I went down in the aisles to make collections for the Red Cross. A man offered \$500 to the Red Cross for an imitation of George Cohan. As you know, anybody can give a bad imitation of "The Yankee Doodle Boy," and I did. Then the man wanted to buy an imitation of Chauncey Olcott at the same price. This was more difficult, but, feeling that the only lack in my effort would be voice—and perhaps the man paying for it wouldn't care whether it was good or bad—I gave forth "Inniskillen"! Now I'm quite shameless—I'd sing "Aïda" if it would bring money to the Red Cross. (I know it would bring them patients.) However, there proved to be one man who held the same opinion as I do about my singing, and he offered \$5,000 for five short songs. But somebody back stage had to catch a train, so the audience was spared. The Red Cross was the only loser!

Later.

My heart is broken! Some one said my cabaret stunt was not dignified! So here is where I speak my mind.

I doubt very much whether the men who are fighting for us appear dignified as they fall in the mud, shot through, having made of themselves a human wall between the Hun and us. It's the cause they think of, not how they look.

It was also suggested that it was not consistent with the dignified future I hoped to make for my-

self on the American stage. There will be *no* future for *anybody, on any stage*, unless we forget "our very own selfish selves" for at least "the duration of the war."

Dignity should be elastic—so much at such-and-such a function, and as little as possible at another. A minister who preaches the word of God has a dignity, no matter how poorly he may speak, because of his subject. So I feel about one's country.

Dignity! It's a funny word to look at—all points and arrows, like a porcupine's quills, and was meant to be used in the same manner, as a protection. You should know it's there, but it should not be *ever* present. That's tiresome. I will sell whatever dignity I have to help bind up a soldier's wounds—and trust to luck, and Hartley Manners, for my future on the stage.

As Shylock said, "What, are you not answered yet?"

And, with Portia, "Earthly power doth then show likest God's when humanity seasons *dignity*."

P.S. For the sake of the people who know nothing and care less about the theatre, I would like to mention that Hartley and I are joined in "holy deadlock" and as a wife I have a right to look to him for his love, honour, obedience and plays.



DE WOLF HOPPER

Providence. Monday, May 20th, 1918.

HERE, for the first time, we had some empty seats!

Good old Burr McIntosh once more wept and implored them not to disgrace Providence by allowing us to play here to less than in Wilmington, urged them to come across for the programme and force the receipts up beyond those of the aforementioned town. Somebody here must have hated Wilmington with a Hun-like fury. The bidding was splendid, and the autographed programme finally realised \$8,500.

Imagine it!

This increase of the gross receipts was more than sufficient to save the honour of Providence. And now Boston is going to be so mad when it hears what its little cousin paid for the programme!

Burr McIntosh is a real *orator*. He enters a town, conceives a mad passion for it, talks to its citizens about its beauty, its intelligence, etc., etc. But woe to any audience that won't buy that programme! They will hear things about their city that will make them move out the next day. A successful speaker, I take it, is one who can argue both sides of a case equally well.

Cohan lost *his* dignity last night! So far he has been *most* legitimate, but a local joke about Fox

Hill crept in. He stopped the play *absolutely* after his exit—He came back and sang "Over There." *This is a purple tour for those who can't sing!*



JULIA ARTHUR

Boston. Tuesday, May 21st, 1918.

IN this town—and included in that was the price cajoled from the audience for the autographed programme, \$12,800—"Providence stepped in," according to quotation.

At every second sentence McIntosh would say, "But *Providence* bid \$8,500!" The Bostonians were wildly responsive and thrillingly enthusiastic. After long observation I venture to suggest that the only people who know how to burn to their fullest and fiercest are those who spend their lives hooverising their fuel. That is why magnificent lives go crashing, burnt to a crisp, when once they take fire. A succession of small fires stirs nobody. A tremendous blaze makes even a sodden Nero want to sing. Boston, like London, surprised me with its unexpected lightnings.

"*Out There*" suits the time, the tour and the cause. It is played most unexpectedly uniformly, seeing it is by an all-star cast. It is awfully like sending a lot of high officers into battle—each one thinks of a different mode of attack.

By the way, the manner in which one of our managers solved the difficulty of favoritism was rather sweet. Just as everybody has *one* favourite German who should not be interned, so every

manager has one favourite star who is the Saturn of the heavens (in the manager's mind). Well, Mr. Walton Bradford had to choose (in his mind) which of the stars he would commandeer a taxi for at the depot,—for Mrs. Fiske, Miss Julia Arthur, Miss Helen Ware, Miss Beryl Mercer, Madame Cisneros or me. The Lord helped him! Burr McIntosh has been incapacitated by an accident to his foot to such a degree that he has to use a wheel-chair. So it is sweet now to see how "Braddy" rushes for a wheel-chair for McIntosh, and leaves the stars' maids to scramble for taxis for their mistresses.

One ingenuous lady asked me whether we tossed up for the choice of dressing-rooms!

George Cohan says he is going to write a book called "My Four Years in the Second Act."

NOTE: This act lasts an hour and a quarter during which time George M. was reclining on a bed!

To-night I gave my "swan song"—somebody offered \$500 to the Red Cross for an imitation of Chauncey Olcott. It is not the fear of any loss of dignity that stops me, but dread of losing Chauncey's regard. Methinks he looks at me with menacing eye ever since.

Why are people afraid of others? I want most frightfully to talk to Mrs. Fiske, but one rarely sees her, and the only opening speech I can think of is, "Do you play bridge?" If she should say "No," where do I go from there?

New Haven. Wednesday, May 22nd, 1918.

THE manager of the Taft Hotel here gave us the use of rooms during our stay; we are leaving after the performance. I understand that the managers of the Iroquois Hotel, at Buffalo, and the Blackstone Hotel and the Stratford in Chicago, have arranged to do the same. So "Cast your bread upon the waters, etc." is not altogether a myth.

Here we took for the Red Cross \$31,091, which is remarkable when you contrast the size of New Haven and its receipts with, say, for instance the size of New York and the receipts of its first performance, \$32,998.

The autographed programme sold for \$7,100, a sum that would have been very greatly increased but that the auctioneer could not be allowed the time necessary to work it up, as we had to catch the 11:30 train.

Everywhere we realise what very great credit is due to De Wolf Hopper who travels ahead of us and auctions the seats.

Colonel and Mrs. Ullman gave us a lovely dinner before the play, and as we were seated at the enormous table Jimmie Powers looked the *two miles across* and said, "Would you pass the salt, Miss?"

Buffalo. Thursday, May 23rd, 1918.

THIS city, I am certain, will prove of historic value, for *here George Arliss almost missed the train.*

I had some private information, which I mysteriously imparted to him, as to the train being held for us. He, with characteristic masculine credulity (Ha!) believed me. It is quite true—my “inside information” almost caused Hartley and me, also, to miss the train. But, seeing that Mr. Tyler, our manager, always embraces us when we *catch* one, this little *attribute of charm* on our side would never make Buffalo known. But Disraeli-Paganini-George-Always-Punctilious-Arliss arriving *running* must have been a sight for the gods.

“The proof of the pudding is in the eating,” and “The test of a *man* is in his haste,” so, even with the legend burning in his brain that “Time and trains wait for no man,” George-Always-Punctilious-Arliss lagged and helped a poor, tired maid of mine named Maria Theresa Chicco to carry a bag. “By the little things ye shall know them,” or, equally well, “By the one-night stands.”

This event was of such international importance I forgot to tell you receipts here were \$38,073, the autographed programme selling for \$13,800.



H. B. WARNER

Chicago. Friday and Saturday,
May 24 and 25, 1918.

My! How Chicago has changed! I hardly recognised it! A certain prominent citizen hasn't had a drink for three years. *Moderation* spelt *nothing* to him, so he made it *nothing*. Christian Science has many unconscious members. The only *real* cures I have heard of have been made by one's own personal physician, the Mind. No wonder people crow when they brag of being Captains of their souls! "It takes a bit o' doin'." The mind says, "Stop ruining *your body*, or *I* shall have to leave you." The body thereupon foregoes its poison, and for want of it rocks like a ship in a storm. If the mind can hold on to the wheel, one comes through. Without this divine assistance, man-made medicine is impotent.

Ha! This has nothing to do with the all-star tour and is not of importance to the general world, but to show what a desperate case this prominent citizen was, I offer this proof. He thought I had changed my hair. Any man who sees you a brunette when intoxicated and an amber blonde when sober, is an exceptionally *versatile* and unique imbiber and deserves mention among us immortals.

We opened to \$22,085, a jammed, enthusiastic,

beautiful lot of patriots. The programme brought \$15,750, McIntosh calling in turn upon all the cities we have visited on the tour as one invokes all the saints when one is in trouble. "Please, please, please don't let Providence beat you! \$8,500!" Then, "Are you going to be downed by Boston with \$12,800?" Then, "Now for Buffalo, that paid \$13,800 for it." And, bless him, he sold it to Chicago for \$15,750.

Afterwards we went to a party given by the Cliff Dwellers, then on to one given by the manager of the Stratford Hotel for Helen Ware.

On Saturday, at the matinée we took \$7,978, the programme fetching \$3,200. And in the evening we had a \$48,062 house and the programme brought in \$12,000, making the total receipts for the week for the Red Cross \$259,000.

On Saturday night the Press Club gave a supper to George M. Cohan, and Frank Tinney told a funny story. It was not quite modest and I don't know how it will look in script but, *as he told it, it seemed the prattling of a round-faced babe.* Here it is!

A sailor had the French flag tattooed on his left arm, the British flag on his right arm, and the American flag on his chest. Another sailor said, "My! How patriotic you are to have the French flag on your left arm, the British flag on your right arm, and the American flag on your chest!" And he said, "Oh, my! That ain't nothin'! I'm sittin' on the Kaiser and Hindenburg."

Hartley made a speech urging Cohan to write



GEORGE MACFARLANE

the great American play of the future, Madame Cisneros urged him to write the great American opera of the future, and Cohan said he would do those two little things that night! One man said to me, "Future? Crackers! What's the matter with you? Little Georgie *has* his future!"

This sort of admirer is in Class C (something the matter with them, apt to be a hindrance to the army at a critical moment). Any time one has no future it is time to ask for a pension. Even Bernhardt (aged 72) prepares a future by producing a poet grand-daughter to keep her memory green on earth when she is vibrating the heavens with her extolling of the Lord!

One must see through the molasses of flattery and buy oneself a hair shirt. If life becomes too slippery one slides to the bottom. To *slide upward* would be against the law of things. One must climb, and climbing means effort, and effort means something not easy to you. *My* hair shirt was a fling at Shakespeare. I'm going to try the same shirt again, but wear it in a different manner—inside out! Just as every cloud has a silver lining I am sure every hair shirt has a bald spot.

I'm very involved, but that's my sex, and writing is not my talent, and this diary will prove a hair shirt to anybody looking for literary style.

I don't progress with Mrs. Fiske. We have such fatiguing journeys, and I don't like to intrude. She received a loud, long and sincere welcome in Chicago.

St. Louis. Monday, May 27th, 1918.

WE travelled all day Sunday and arrived filthy with coal-dust and exhausted by the heat. Part of the time we played bridge.

I know one actress who interviewed her prospective company in this manner. Do you play bridge? Tennis? Golf? Are you companionable? *Then*—if they were proficient in these things—her manager considered their ability as actors. This may sound unbusinesslike, but it isn't. After a day in the country one has more charm and vitality to give one's audience because of the previous hours spent collecting those precious things where they grow. To sway anything your way, you must be the stronger. An actress has before her at night hundreds of people, of different natures and imaginations, and in different walks of life. If, she is fresh and alert she can swing them *all* into her mood, but without the full force of her magnetic strength, half—sometimes all—of them slip through the loophole of her weariness or depression, and she says, "What a funny lot they are to-night!"

There is no existence so devoid of meaning as "the one-night stands," none so fatal to progress as any kind of *forced* and hurried travelling. It is the instinct of self-protection fully developed



BERYL MERCER

and understood that makes an actress or actor want companions who realise the truth of something that Flaubert wrote, "To accomplish anything one should *think* like a god and *live* like a farmer."

Here we played to \$32,282 and the autographed programme brought in \$18,100.

It was hot. The doors had to be left open, so it was difficult to play, the dialogue going like this, "I *am* 'aunted" (Toot-to-o-ot). Farver 'ad the call, an' 'e answered it. (Clang-clang!) An' I'm sure 'e's 'appier 'cause 'e did. (Brr-r-r-r, bang. Brakes on!)." A mass of fans and programmes moved endlessly back and forth, right and left, until one seemed to be rising and falling on a paper sea. Every time any one on the stage moved *suddenly*, the rest of the company seemed in danger of drowning. As somebody once said of an intense actor, "His *skin* acted beautifully." Between the heat, the noise, and the incessant waving, St. Louis seemed a sort of friendly hell where patriots were gathered together.

On Sunday night the Country Club gave a supper and dance for the company. Everybody reported a splendid evening. I couldn't go, which means that I was *really* quite *done up*, because I am the original "Oh yes! I'd love a party!"

Mrs. Fiske never goes anywhere! We rarely see her. What a shame! Doesn't one get frightfully lonesome? People who know her say she is most amusing, and adore her. I'm sure that if she hadn't been pushed on to the stage at the age

of three she would have been a nun. "Seclusion" is her second name. I suppose she fascinates me because I can't understand it. PEOPLE supply *me* with a new outlook. Personalities give me material for my work on the stage. My own kind thrill me—make me laugh sometimes, hurt me at others, but, they always thrill me! *Out of contact I* acquire the thousand little things that are of use to me. Some natures, perhaps, are so rich in themselves that extra feeding would result in a filled-leech-like lethargy.

My! That's a long spout about things that have been said in better fashion by brilliant people. It's a wonderful gift, the gift of word-stringing, for instance, Masefield's "Like a flaming comet with a tail of fire."

Now for the train to Louisville, the city of beautiful women and soft voices.



JAMES K. HACKETT

Louisville, Kentucky.
Tuesday, May 28th, 1918.

SOUTHERN hospitality is a thing I had heard about: now I know what it means. This is the only town where it was done in a manner considering the tiring journeys, the heat, and the hard work at night. Mr. A. T. Hert, the chairman of the local Red Cross chapter, provided us with motors (to be our own for the day) and cards to the races. We had supper after the play at the Pendennis Club—through the courtesy of the president, Mr. Stone. In none of these things were we “chaperoned” by kind strangers to whom we had to talk. Just the company; we could ride in silence, eat during natural conversation (which is just as restful as silence and possible only between people interested in the same things). We had a beautiful supper, and told each other some funny stories. H. B. Warner refused to tell his, until we all took an oath that we loved children. Chauncey Olcott left, because his two had been heard before and didn’t go very well. Hartley promised Helen Ware that he wouldn’t tell a certain one because she wanted to tell it, and then Madame Cisneros told it before it came to Helen’s turn. After Young Seymour (the son of the famous William Seymour), who is with us as stage director, had

finished a very naïve tale Mr. Bradford, our manager, insisted that we start for the train. So Mr. Arliss told his on the way to the station, and Jimmie Powers says we were all afraid to let the turn come round to him, knowing that his would be the funniest.

George Cohan has a fine system for losing money. He backed No. 4 on the card in all seven races. But some one must have done a lot of underhand work, for in no race of the seven that day did No. 4 win. Even a horse called "American Eagle" failed to respond to George's unadulterated red-white-and-blue vibrations.

The programme incident was most amusing. It is getting very difficult for Burr McIntosh, the top price, \$18,100, resting with St. Louis. Here it reached only \$11,850. It was a very long time before they started, and then they went along fairly quickly, but principally with \$50 bids, which, of course, take a long time to mount up. The company always congregate behind the curtain when the bidding starts. At any large sum it's quite a sight to see them, led by George Arliss (by Gad!) beat the curtain with their sticks. We can't see, but it's fun to listen. Here a sweet voice, a very, very clear, sweet voice, piped up, "Fifty dollahs!" Then every few minutes this most fascinating, southern sweet-potato voice would pipe "Fifty moah!" Every man behind the curtain fell in love with little "Fifty moah!" We all had different theories about her looks and her occupation. I de-

cided she must be a seamstress, a little, delicate, old-maid seamstress who loved the stage, was prevented from going on it in her youth, and wanted to possess that autographed programme as one keeps a flower or a lock of hair as a rosemary of the past that never happened. When the "Fifty moahs" reached a thousand dollars, of course, I had to discard the pathetic seamstress idea. With the help of five stage-hands, the side of the curtain was pulled back and I saw little "Fifty moah." She stood in the aisle downstairs, in nurse's costume, a round, pretty thing of about twenty (from where I stood), the kind of girl who holds up a bottle of dental wash, offers you a Coca-Cola, peeps through the advertisement for a new kind of tire, and *always* looks at you from a magazine cover. She has three lovely names, like Mary Millman Byrd, or Maryland Boardman Miller. I'll try to find out exactly. There she was, the "Sweet Southern Rose" whom all the song-writers try to picture. Little "Fifty-moah" got the programme, and I'll never see the name "Louisville, Kentucky," without hearing this female Oliver Twist with that curious drawl on the word "more" (moah). What a lovely thing a charming trick of speech is! A voice is the catch on the heart—more than the face—and here were both. Lucky Kentuckian!

Cincinnati. Wednesday, May 29th, 1918.

WE travelled all last night in the most blasting heat. Several of us were ourselves in need of Red Cross services.

Heat and noise as *eternal* punishments are not possible. We've had both *every night this week*. To continue it for ever and ever—no God could be so cruel. There must be some gentler chastisement, like being trampled by wild horses, or having your eyelashes pulled out. Heat kills all ambition, except to find the North Pole. I am sure it was a furnace-like day that made Peary, Scott, etc., set out for the Land of Ice.

Noise! Sound! No one has ever properly appreciated or damned them—soft noises—crickets, brooks, and rustling trees (Oh, my! Where are they now? Gone—like the pale hands beside the Shalimar?) make you visualise a gentle, beatific God with outstretched hands, flowing white robes, and a great tenderness in His heart for even *the toughest of His makings*.

Singing sound changes Him to a more illuminating electrical God. A Greek God, who can run and leap, who is ever young and alert, who can understand the passionate mistakes of some natures and make allowances for the deliberate ones of others.



JAMES T. POWERS

The noise of tramping troops, the sound of playing bands, the cheering of patriots seem to make Him a God capable of terrible, but righteous, vengeance. Then one sees Him breathing fire, urging masses of men to fight for their faith as the early Christians did, and later to fight against anything that besmirches the white banner of Christianity, such as slavery, and the race that worship Him only as a companion-in-arms!

But the shunting of trains, the clang of street-cars, the scream of engines,—all the man-made noises of the *business* world, transform Him (for me) into a large, evil face that grins and waits for the ugly rhythm to get you.

I once had nervous prostration, and when Nature re-adjusted my mental balance she forgot the soundproof centre. I am afraid of the *thunder*, not of the lightning!

Cincinnati, for some unknown reason, is built in a large hollow. We travelled up the hills through a park and looked down on a city protected by a large, soft, black canopy of smoke. However, I was so ill that I couldn't have enthused over a new hat! And for our cause Cincinnati came over the top beautifully with \$48,803, of which \$16,150 was for the autographed programme. And here another fellow-country-lover, Mr. Hill, the manager of the Gibson Hotel, gave us proof of his patriotism. The Gibson Hotel would not allow us to pay for even a newspaper or a postage stamp. Our money was not acceptable. Others, in the towns

I have mentioned, gave us rooms, but here the Red Cross workers of the stage were allowed to pay for nothing. So you see how elastic human nature is. You can *think* on the hills even if you *live* in the hollow of Cincinnati. It has been a wonderful journey for the soul. The dirt, the heat, and the noise, nothing has penetrated *there* except the glorious consciousness of helping. I am sorry it is ending, and I say again, the people of the stage know the art of giving.

Now, on to Columbus! Christopher! What a large country our own United States is! As an English comedian who travelled it for the first time said, "Why give him credit for *discovering* America? How could he miss it?"



ELEANORA DE CISNEROS

Columbus. Thursday, May 30th, 1918.

HERE was a most earnest proof of patriotism. A man had a half-dozen taxicabs waiting at the station for us after another hot, sticky night in the obnoxious handboxes they name so prettily. Ours was called "Belle Center," and only the first letter need be changed for the name to fit as tightly as we did. He (the taxi man) slammed the door with great pride and called to the driver "No charge!" He explained that he was only a poor man but that he was happy to do this bit for the Red Cross, and had been waiting there since seven o'clock—the train was due at that time, but was three hours late—to see it through. It was a small thing, perhaps, but it was tremendously impressive.

We played here to \$21,225.

The heat caused a retreat in the "legitimate" ranks. A few of them retreated to the marshes of farce. At the end of Olcott's song an orange started to roll across the stage. MacFarlane attempted to catch it with a helmet, missed by an inch, and but for the protection of a stomach would have broken his nose. Powers was responsible for the moving orange, the heat for Powers.

Burr McIntosh, exhausted with pain, fell asleep and for the first time missed his opportunity of selling the autographed programme.

In the first act I had a small attack of hysterics. I recovered in a second because I think them very funny. You cry, not because you've lost any one, or because you've been beaten or feel ill, but just because *you want to cry*. It's so durned unreasonable. It happens to me through tiredness or extreme hot weather. It was in the first act, a scene where *real* tears should have been effective, but it only bewildered the audience and stupefied Mr. Arliss.

After the play some nice, kind people took us out to the Country Club for supper. The lights on the porch were turned out, and we sat under the moon. (That is always so obvious—you can't sit *in* it, or *on* it.) We ate and conversed in a blessed, still coolness that almost tempted me to cry again. I talked to an awfully jolly man who told me his nickname for his wife, hers for him, and what he called his baby and his dog. He was an awfully nice man, and they were an understanding lot of people, and we hated coming back to "Hell—," I mean "Belle Center."

Cleveland. Friday, May 31st, 1918.

WE played here to \$24,167, of which \$10,550 was for the autographed programme.

In advance of our coming the following notice had been sent out to the citizens:—

Fifteen famous men and women of the American stage are coming to entertain you at the Opera House May 31st.

Every penny of proceeds will go to the Cleveland Red Cross.

Every member of this distinguished all-star company is paying his or her railroad, dining-car and hotel bills.

All that we have to do is to buy tickets.

Contrary to what is being done in the other sixteen cities where this company is going, CLEVELAND WILL NOT AUCTION BOXES AND SEATS.

THERE IS NO HOLD-UP

Boxes will be specially priced.

First half of lower floor will be \$10 a seat.

Second half will be \$5 a seat.

Balcony and gallery, \$5, \$3, \$2 and \$1 a seat.

Here is the corrected list of stars who will appear—fifteen reasons why you should see this unsurpassed aggregation at war prices:

George Arliss

Julia Arthur

James T. Powers

Mdme. Eleanora De

Cisneros

H. B. Warner

George MacFarlane	Mrs. Fiske
Laurette Taylor	Helen Ware
George M. Cohan	O. P. Heggie
James K. Hackett	Burr McIntosh
Beryl Mercer	Chauncey Olcott

N.B.—Two patron tickets are to be exchanged for one ten dollar seat.

I would like to shake the person warmly by the throat who was responsible for the line,

THERE IS NO HOLD-UP

I wonder if Cleveland knows this. A friend of mine called up to buy a box and was told there were none on sale, *all* had been sold at one hundred and fifty dollars. She offered a thousand and, *after much trouble and argument*, got it! I suppose the originator of that "elegant" phrase considered that the Red Cross was being held up by Mrs. C—— for a thousand dollars!

After the blunder of this short-sighted worker for the cause of mercy we played Cleveland *only* because we had the three weeks to do, and couldn't afford to miss one performance, even though it was to the mere pittance, comparatively, of \$10,288 (the smallest evening receipts of the tour, outside of Providence, which is unto Cleveland as David unto Goliath, only in this case it was the Goliath that had "the jaw-bone of an ass").

P.S.—Feeling a doubt about this, I have looked it up and find it was Samson who used the jaw-bone of an ass. David had only a pea-



O. P. HEGGIE

shooter. So we will change it to "It was the Goliath (of a town) that had the pea-shooter."

Mark Twain could have played with this idea of a pea-shooter and followed it up until—under his charmed pen—it blossomed into flower as a thing of fun and frolic that made you laugh and wonder at the humour in small things. Then, with the jaw-bone as a foundation, he would have builded you a beautiful jackass that swallowed the pea-blossoms and together they formed an alliance with Samson and David, and ended this war instantan.

Being only me, I must beg that you let me off any unnecessary elaboration because in my new guise as authoress, the jackass and I are closely related, and like should spare like. As for the other subject, I understand that when you have a garden you make three plantings at different periods, until you get so sick of "fresh peas from the garden" that you give them all to visitors.

Well, anyway, it wasn't a pea-shooter David had, it was a sling-shot—so fineto.

However, to return! Poor De Wolf Hopper! That he should travel alone! Alone, without the company of his beloved fellow-thespians, in solitude wend his way to a cold theatre on the most difficult of missions (that of coaxing the reluctant dollar forth). That, added to the big man's sorrows, should be the prefix "Hold-up." That's what it meant! "Hold-up" Hopper arrives, and behind him his "Forty Thieves." In a tactful manner

Burr McIntosh let a little of this be understood, and Cleveland (remember that the circular was only *one* Cleveland's mistake) paid \$10,500 for the autographed programme. As for response to our playing, they had no limit, and all of us, after having felt *a little offended*, left the town understanding that "one man does not a city make."

I know that Cleveland was a "War Chest" city, and had done more than its quota; but so were Columbus and Philadelphia "War Chest" cities and they let us "hold them up" cheerfully, so why should the city of Cleveland be proud?

Now we go on to a city that is willing to pay in advance of our coming *premiums* of over \$100,000. *One hundred thousand dollars*, in addition to the price of the seats, for one performance!!! I only pray that they may have *eight-cents-worth* of cool weather.



BURR MCINTOSH

Pittsburgh. Saturday, June 1st, 1918.

AN example of "The first shall be last and the last first." The first city of dollars-and-cents patriotism we play last, and the last from which we expected top returns comes out first.

Mr. Moore, who married the beauteous Lillian Russell, took some of us for a ride to see the beauties of Pittsburgh. From the top of a green hill we were invited to look down at the smoky town. Personally, I shut my eyes and thought of Lillian Russell. Have you ever seen her as a close-up? Oh, Lady, Lady! Sea-green, blue, or were they grey eyes? Soft, baby blonde hair! A mouth with a sort of uncurling faculty! A sweet voice! I wish God had let himself run wild like that when He made my face.

Outside the Moore house was a truck decorated with flags of the navy. On it a sailor playing the piano, another blowing a cornet, and a fat one dancing as light as a piece of thistledown. Lots of fat men are light on their feet, but it ain't natural, is it? If they are heavy they should be heaviest where they touch bottom (on their feet).

I was greeted with strains of "Peg O' My Heart," (the International Scourge, Percy Hammond called it)—"Rip Van Winkle," Mary Pick-

ford, Uneeda Biscuits—things that grandchildren will be told were popular in grandma's day.

The truck and the sailors were waiting for Mrs. Wheelock, the only woman who holds a commission in the U. S. Navy. She came out in a trim blue serge skirt, jacket, and sailor hat, with the insignia of her rank on her sleeve. She is like "'Aunted Annie." She can get recruits even in cities where "they don' know there's a war on." "She puts you to sleep, an' w'en y' waike up y're in the navy." She talks and they sing. And they present such a jolly happy picture that every man thinks that that is what fighting means—a truck, a piano, and Sailor Riley singing "Over There."

The *matinée* brought in \$6,597 at \$5 prices, the auction having been held for the evening performance only, so that there were no premiums at the *matinée*. The auction of the autographed programme was also reserved till the evening performance.

It was so warm that Mrs. Fiske found sufficient excuse to push her desire for solitude to extreme limits. We searched the theatre for her, and at last discovered her on the roof—*dressing on the roof*. She is a most feminine, darling person, and why she withdraws her gentle self from us is a Sam Lloyd puzzle. There are some people you plead with to "get thee to a nunnery." *They never go*. As Peter said when the manicurist walked out of heaven to the other place to have her hair



A RED CROSS NURSE

curled,

Heigho! That's the way!
The peaches go.
Only the lemons stay!

Good-bye, Mrs. Fiske! I know now how Dante felt never knowing Beatrice.

David Warfield helped the great auction. Some auctioneer! Over \$100,000 worth! The Pittsburgh burghers were marvellous. The loosening of their purse-strings did not mean the tightening of their souls. They poured out enthusiasm to us as generously as they had poured out their gold, and when they went over the top for the programme with \$20,500, *twenty thousand five hundred dollars (the record)* the curtain was raised, and we of the stage applauded the audience. They applauded us. We gave three cheers for them. They gave three cheers for us, and we were as happy as two people in love, who admire each other *in* each other so thoroughly that the whole world seems heaven and the two of them the only perfect specimens in it.

It was extraordinary the beautiful spirit of humaneness that joined the stage and the public that night. In a translation of Bourget's "The Night Cometh," a man says to his wife as they face each other in a crisis, "Now that we are so 'transparent,' tell me the truth." That is what we were, "transparent." And the condition is more rare than you

may think. They saw us glad to our souls that the Red Cross had benefited so beautifully through us. We saw them a band of people with love of their country and pride of their city shining through their conventional white shirts. Bless 'em!

New York City. Sunday, June 2nd, 1918.

HOME! Room to walk about! A basin in which water runs truly *hot* and cold! A bed that stays tranquil! The same old Hudson to look out on! Not a train within earshot! And with an appreciation that passeth all understanding of Rupert Brooke's poem,

THE GREAT LOVER

These I have loved:

White plates and cups, clean gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faery dust;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;
And ardiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny
hours,

Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;
Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon
Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss
Of blankets; grainy wood; live hair that is
Shining and free; blue-massing clouds; the keen
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine;
THE BENISON OF HOT WATER; furs to touch;
The good smell of old clothes; and other such——
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers
About dead leaves and last year's ferns. . . .

all the things you can't do, or see, or touch, or smell
as you rattle through the country on steel rails.

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